

THE
R O Y A L
P E N I T E N T :
O R ,
THE PSALMES
O F

D O N A N T O N I O ;
K I N G O F P O R T U G A L ;

Translated into English by
FRANCIS CHAMBERLEYNEsq.

*In which a Sinner confesses his faults;
and implores the Grace of God.*



A T G A N T .
In the Year. 1685.

BIBLIOTHECA
COLL. SS. TRIN.
IUSTA DUBLIN.



Worthy Countrymen of the King-
dome of Irland, and particu-
larly you of the dioses of Fernes,
meeting this following smale booke,
I thought nothing more fit to present you
then it. Your sufferings those last Thir-
ty seaven yeares, must needs make
you sympathize with this royale peni-
tent, who seemes to have wrote this
smale treatise, to comfort you in the
depth of your afflictions, the Excel-
lencies there of made me put it in the
press, and joyne the same, to the for-
goeing smale booke, by the advice of a
venerable man, w^h whom I joyne
my wishes that you may make the
same use of it, for which it was in-
tended. It was translated into English
by Francis Chamberleyn Esq. and de-
dicated to anoble Lady, whom I hope

are not wronged, by its being now-
sent to you who are some of the most
disconsolate people in all his sacred
Majestyes Dominions and no remedy
but by remaining like soe many Jobes
to appease the anger of God. Who at
his good pleasure can heal all your sores,
for which I offer my prayers with
yours, and am.

Your most humble Servant-

N. N.

THE

(3)
T H E
R O Y A L L
P E N I T E N T ,
I N W H I C H ,

*A Sinner confesseth his faults, & im-
plores the Grace of God.*

P S A L M I,

O Heavens ! where shall I find
tears sufficient to weep the los-
ses and disorders of my soul ?
when I consider that which al-
ready is past of my life, and doe behold
with the eyes of my soul the actions of
my youth ; I find therein nothing but
causes of horror , and subjects of sad-
nesse.

This reflection , which I make on
my self , hath nothing which doth not
affright me , which doth not condemn
me , which doth not bereave me of
hope , and which doth not put my soul
into confusion.

A 3

I know

I know what I have been , I have known what I ought to have been, I doe not know at this instant what I am , I doe apprehend what I shall be ; and the greater is my apprehension thereof , because I have not grief great enough for having offended my God.

The weaknesse of my apprehending hindereth the increase of my repentance Alas, Lord ! thou hast a long time beaten me , & the weight of thy blowes should have made me see the greatnesse of my sins., notwithstanding I doe not as yet repent.

Thou hast a long time called me , and yet I hear thee not ; These many years , hast thou endeavoured to enter into my soul , and I am yet so much my own enemy , that I will not afford him entrance , who bringeth me life.

I am environed with a thousand evils ; death doth threaten me on all sides , and although I am attached with , all sorts of calamities and afflictions , I have not in my soul a griefe that is able to contribute unto my salvation.

It is not onely since my old age , that I suffer so many miseries, I did begin to
suffer

suffer, as soon as I began to live. I am a man of griefe ever since my youth; I can number as many disasters as I have lived moments; and I even at this day doe suffer, because suffering continually I have not learned to repent my self of my faults.

O admirable prudence of the great & coelestiall Physitian! O immense bounty of the King of Kings, of the master of Heaven and earth! O incomparable favour of this liberall hand, which every where bestowes it's benefits!

O my God, thou givest me afflictions, least I should perish in voluptuousnesse, and to teach me to rejoyce without making my joyes faulty. Thou send'st me griefs which must end. That I may be delivered from a torment which shal have no end.

Thou dost afflict my body for to procure through these afflictions the health & salvation of my Soul; thou dost not wound me, but for to cure me the easier, thou takest not from me life, but for to bestow on me a life more excellent, more glorious, and more triumphant.

But alas, I am so ignorant of what is

necessary for me, that I repine at this medicine which proceeds from thy mercifull hand: I am fearfull of the miseries whose violence ought to be profitable unto me, and that I receave them rather from thy mercie then from thy anger.

Neither doe I know the preservative which thou affordest me; and how shall I know it, if not being able to be cured but by pain and sufferance, I doe earnestly beseech thee to deliver mee from so wholesome and soveraign a pain. For is there any probability that I can be cured other wise then by afflictions, seeing that pleasures maketh me sick; and leaderth me unto death.

Make me then, my God, to suffer: but to the end my sorrow be turned into comfort, and that I may rejoyce with thee, teach me how I ought to suffer for to please thee, and to save my self.

P S A L M II.

DAies and years are past, & I am so unhappy as to remain alwaies in the same condition; I am daily a sinner & al-

alwayes worthy of the anger of God.

After so many afflictions and miseries, which without intermission are renewed, yet have not one good inclination, and I cannot detest my sinnes, although they be the origine of my evils.

I am carelesse of my daily relapse, & I doe not seriously endeavour to raise my self again when I am fallen. I add new offences unto my old iniquities, and from small ones I pass unto the greatest.

What shall I doe, my God, when my last day shall come? how shall I fly, where shall I hide me then when thou shalt call me unto judgement before thee, and when thou shalt cause me to give an account of the goods and favours thou hast bestowed on me.

What shall I answer thee, and how shall I excuse my sloath & negligence, when I shall see thee seated in the Throne of thy Majesty, and thou shalt examine me about the least things which concerns my imployment and occupations? Truly I shall then say my God I suffer to much violence: let thy mer-

cy answear for me; what am I? and where shall I find words sufficient to answear thy Justice:

But what shall I doe if thou enforcest me to answear my self? I must say with trembling and confusion, that I have not gained by the talents & treasure I receaved at thy hands: I must confesse that I have imployed them in vain things, that they served but to entertain my pleasures; and that I have consumed them in living riotously and reproachfully.

Alas! I speak a misse, when I say in living: without doubt I shall speak more truly, if I say I wasted them in dying; I did seem to live during the time of my pleasures; but now I know that I was dead, seeing I lived without thee my God. who art life it self:

How then did I live, if I cannot remember to have sometimes lived with thee. Well my God, seeing that the life of a sinner is a true death, I can justly say that I began to die before I began to live: I did not know life, and I was already separated from my God.

My wicked inclinations supplied the want of age in the occasions of offending thee and scarcely was I born, but I was a sinner: at my birth I bewailed the sins I knew not, and in which I was begotten; and I had not as yet lamented anothers sins, but I began my self to commit the offences I knew, and yet I want tears.

I have loved the sins of my infancie, and I have corrupted with my impurities the innocencie of that age, in which nature seemeth to have collected all the purities of life.

I have breached nothing but concupiscence, I have permitted my self to bee overcome by uncivil and wicked appetites; and my blindness hath been so great, that I have not discerned light from darkness, and the tranquillity of the spirit from the tempestuousnesse of sensuality.

In an age so feeble, and so little curious of good; I have rather hearkned unto the world, then unto heaven; I have been vehemently transported with allurements of a deceitful pleasure: & as if I did love better the pains then the

recompense; I have done and acted on earth all that might precipitate me into hell.

From an infancy corrupted, I arrived unto a vicious youthfulness: my sins are augmented with my age, & with me are increased.

Vain and lewd Love made me resemble a savage beast, and at the same time that I permitted my self to be gained by its mortiferous sweetnesse, I became my own enemy, and did voluntarily run unto my destruction.

The dayes of my youth are consumed in sin, and through sin I have passed in my young age, which is not to be known but by the vices which dishonoureth it

The elder I grew, the more I sinned I have been young, and I have arrived unto the age of man, and vice alwayes held in my soul that place I ought to have given unto vertue.

Old age hath whitened my hairs, but it hath not been able to make me enter into the way which thou hast shewn me; and as if I were an infant, at the age of an hundred years, both old and broken that I am, yet I doe the actions of a child.

In

In what time then have I been innocent for to desire to be judged according unto my innocencie? alas my God, although thou shouldest doe me the favour to defer my judgement until I had found (for to defend my self) in all my life one moment of innocencie, what should I hope of this benevolence, if my life hath not had one moment which hath not been criminall.

Thou art just, my God, thy judgments are just, and rendereth unto every one according unto the works he hath done. But whatsoever I seek for to appease and pacifie thee, I find nothing in me which doth not incense thee: all my actions are unto me as many subjects of fear, and I cannot number them, but that I number as many sins.

I have been alwayes an Artist in iniquity, I have alwayes proceeded in impiety, and its documents hath been ever most delightful unto me. In fine, I have remained in vice, as a hogg in the mire, who is not nourished but in filth, and nothing could entertain and content me, but vain things, abloquies & blasphemies.

All that was unto me wholesome & profitable, was unpleasing unto me, and I onely delighted in that which brought death unto me. I conversed with none but with the wicked; I could not live but with the most reprobate & licentious, and I deemed my self most glorious and praise worthy because I was most lew'd and wicked.

I knew well to excuse my self, but I could not learn to accuse my self; I imployed all my forces, and energy to the hardening of my heart, and my sins were the greater and lesse excusable because I esteemed my self not a sinner.

I endeavoured not to search after the medicine which could cure the diseases and maladies of my soul, seeing that I refused the remedies which were represented unto me, and that I was offended without regard and reason with those that endeavoured my relief and comfort.

I did persecutè him that reprooved me, and I imbraced him that flattered me; I could not hearken unto the speeches which concerned thee, and received

ved and entertained with pleasure the discourses of those, who weare not inspired with thy holy Spirit: to conclude, my God, I have not studied nor meditated but on the vanities of the world.

All my discourses hath been on untruths and jests, and in whatsoever I have done, I have loved more and searched after darkness then light. Behold the image of my actions, behold the course and progresse of my life, wherein there is nothing to be found, but what is deserving thy anger.

Soe, when that thou shalt question me, I wil not answer thee, but in confessing my faults; and because thou hast instructed me, that by accusing himself, one is excused before thee, I will not justifie my self but with the acknowledgement of my offences.

Therefore remember not the licentious disorders of my youth, cause not thy servant to appear before the Throne of thy Iustice, for it is impossible for man to justifie himself in thy presence.

Although my God, thou art resol.

ved that I shall not avoid thy judgement, yet judge me according unto thy goodnes and mercy, and not according unto thy justice; be mindful that I am thy creature, although I am a sinner.

And if my sins incense thee against me, let thy mercy so appease thee, that it render thee propitious unto the repentance of him, who doth adore thee, that it hindreth thee from being eternally angry with me, that it freeth me from infernal flames, to the end that my soul praise thee, and allwayes declare the effects of thy clemency.

PSALM III,

O How great hath my misfortune been, having incensed him against me, who could have made me most happy; in having offended my Redeemer, & so arrogantly contemned his laws.

I have voluntarily forsaken the way that leadeth unto true felicitie; and as a strayed Sheep I have wandred without order and government, exposed unto the mercy of what soever
was

was capable to ruinate , and destroy me.

I have been every where , and I have passed through every place and in every thing I have incountred with discontentes , vexations troubles and disturbances.

I am wearied and fatigated with the wayes of iniquity and perdition : I have been in every place for to find repose and consolation , and I have not found it , becaule I was not in quest after my God.

I did walk in a steril and barren Countrey , which was the partage of death and sin , I endeavoured to find that peace which conteineth only horror and vexation , and where the soule is eternally tormented.

Whilest I lived in honours , I permitted my self to be blinded with their glitterings : and as if I had been ranked and listed amongst Beasts , I established my mansion with them in woods and Dennes ; I remained in voluptuous pleasures and altogether in disquiet and molestation.

My lodgeing was on Precipices , &

fell asleep at the very instant of my losse: and my blindnesse was so strange and wonderfull, that I hoped for repose, and assured security, in the midst of torments & dangers.

What shall I doe now, wheare shall I find a Sanctuary and place of refuge amongst so many perils which doth threaten me on all sides? the hopes of my youth are vanished; I resemble one that suffers Ship-wrack, who after the losse of a Vessel, his riches & treasures, is seen to swim unprofitably in the midst of the Surges, beaten with winds and the waves.

I am driven far from the Port and Haven, I doe not descry any thing capable to save me, and I permit my self to be carried against the Rocks, where I shall miserably perish: my enemy hath every way contrived ambuscadoes for me, and I never mistrust him.

I have walked without fear and with bold confidence on the Precipices which he hath undermined and framed against me; and as if I had been willing to assist him in undoeing and destroying
me;

me ; I have extinguished the light which could have discovered them.

I have flattered my self in my sinns ; I have imagined youth not to be subject unto the laws of death , and my Soule abused with this vain confidence opened it self unto all sorts of evil and debauched desires.

I permitted my self to be conducted and governed by sensuality , I have miserably followed it wheresoever its vigilance and tyranny carried me.

Oh Heavens , said I in my self, wherefore doe I dream after death ? wherefore shall I fondly meditate on the extremities and ends , before I think on the *Mediums* through which I must passe.

There remaineth life yet sufficient for to know my self , and I can at last convert my self as often as I shall have a desire & willingness thereunto. Even so I have waxed old in my impieties : a wicked custome is changed into nature ; and as a slave fettered with his Chaines , I am now enforced to obey him.

And I am as a Lunatick , who ha-

tes his body and life, and trights both the one and the other, as long as his sleepey reason hath not power over his actions.

But alas ! I loath and hate my self with a more wonderfull and stranger odiousnesse, and far more dangerous : the Frantick incountereth and quarrelleth but with his body.

He raileth his hands & strokes but against earth ; but my obduratenesse in sin maketh me to coap & assault my soul and after the wounds which I have made therein , it causeth me to destroy and kill it.

Even so being by degrees arrived unto the cumble and height of iniquitie, I doe provoke and incense the wrath of my God , and my obstinacy hath made me worthy both of his fury , & my ruine.

I am often constrained to smother and suffocate these old & vicious flames which consumes me for ever. But it is impossible to separate them from my heart, they find their nourishment within me , they are conglutinated unto my bones,

O my

O my God destill and pour thy graces on me I cannot extinguish these fires which destroyes me, but with the fire of thy divine love.

I have not sufficient strength to shake of the yoke which my sins imposed on me; thou must help to free me of it, and thy succour at last must ease and comfort my feebleness and faint-heartedness.

I confesse that I have not merited so glorious & great favours; but seeing that thy bounty causeth the Sun to shine as well on the wicked as on the good: and thou bestowest wealth, health, and other benefits even on the unworthy, and who did not demand them of thee, I know not how to imagine that thou should'st deny him spirituall riches, who asketh and requesteth them of thee with so much earnestness, and with so much sorrow and regret, for having offended thee.

Therefore commiserate me, let thy ears be open unto the Petition and demand of a poor man, thou who art rich in mercy, thou who art accustomed to pardon so easily, thou who purifiest

the wills of these wicked habits, thou who hearest the lamentations and moanes of the captives, thou who breakest the bands and gyves which we our selves make: in fine, thou who sets us at liberty, when we have enthralled our selves, & that we doe not imploy against thee this false liberty which men beleaue they possesse without thee.

Lend me therefore thy hand, least thy work perish, and that *I* fall into the dreadfull Gulph, wherethere is no water to be found for to quench the fire which there doth torment sinners.

Deliver me from the mouth of this roaring Lyon, which seeketh to make me his Prey, and endeavoureth to devour me: for thou art my Protector and in thy onely mercy doe *I* build all my hopes.

Let me therefore feel the effects of thy mercy accordingly as *I* have confided in thee; seeing that *I* have hoped *I* shall not be confounded: but at last haveing obtained the graces and favour I ask'd of thee: *I* will sing thy praises and glory with the Angels, and all the blessed and happy Spirits.

PSALM

PSALM IV.

I Have spent the nights in sorrow & pensivenesse, and could not find any thing but terrours and horred tears; my conscience incessantly doth trouble & importune me, and *I* cannot free it from attempts, and *I* receive not there the least wounds but from my enemies weapons.

My sleep is broken and disturbed with perpetuall illusions, *I* cannot stifle the thoughts, which persecuteth me, and in stead of receiving repose, *I* am tormented with new paines.

It is in fine impossible, but *I* wake without intermission, if my wearinesse cast me into a sleep, my disquiets doth presently awake me, and *I* feel in my intrals a fire which devoureth me, and which is augmented by my watchings.

I doe loath the food which heretofore was most pleasing unto me, *I* mingle my drink with my tears, there is nothing but confusion before my eyes and *I* am capable onely of shame, when *I* remember how greevously *I* have of-

fended my God, and in how many severall wayes I have abused and misused the abilities and graces wick he hath bestowed on me.

I have imployed my dayes in nothing but vanity, I have been willingly consumed and wasted with cares & thoughts opposite unto my good, and permitting myself to be carried and gained with the extravagancie of my imaginations, & with the unlawfulness of my desires, I have suffered a losse which I cannot repair, I have consumed the time which I ought to have imployed for my salvation.

I framed unto my self nothing but dreams, I thought I saw real things, but they were appearances and shadows to conclude I have deceaved my self, and I am lost in my vanities & fond imaginations.

I ascended even into Heaven, and as soon I descend into Hell, and whilst out of my old sins I caused new to spring, & that one *Abisme* incited an other *Abisme*, my soul overthrown & ruined with vices, hath been deprived of it's strength and vertue, & I appeared
red

red before the eyes of men as patri-
faction.

I desired and courted after impossibilities, and the imaginarie fruition of them rendred me semblable and like unto those, who dream of great & pleasant things, and at their awaking find but importune displeasure for not enjoying the riches they dreamed of.

I am but a little worm, and yet, O my God, I have never known my self; I have had rather a boldnesse which alwayes hath raised me above others.

I have proudly discoursed of all things and I have imagined that the soveraign and highest wisdom consisted in this pride.

I became offensive unto my equalls, and a fantastick passion without foundation hath often been the cause that I have done many injuries.

I have hated patience, and I have loved fury; and this cruell passion was so naturall unto me, that without having an object of incitement, it produced it self in my soule.

Whilest it possessed me I have been detestable not only unto my servants &
Neigh-

Neighbours , but even unto my self, and without considering that my God doth not upbraid me with the exceeding great and manifold benefits he hath bestowed on me , *I* uncivilly put my friends in mind of the smale courtesies *I* did but think to doe them , and perhappes they were not oblidging.

It hath not been without murmuring, that *I* have supported the evils & misfortunes which hath beguiled me ; *I* have had more trust in men then confidence in God.

I have not understood nor heard the truth & wholesome documents without indignation; and *I* never answered without choler and testinesse, those who instructed me , and made me see the wayes of my salvation.

I have had inclinations to commit out-rages, *I* have alwayes made diligent Inquisition , and used all meanes to revenge my self of injuries which *I* imagined *I* receaved , and *I* never left unto God the care of revengeing me.

I have been very bitter often against him that susteined a just cause ; *I* could not permit one to answer me though
with

with mildenesse and humility.

I have found nothing amongst good and vertuous people which offer'd me content. Debate, Strife, and contentious Alterations have been my Recreation, and I have delighted to destroy the Amity of Brothers, and to sow amongst them hate and discord.

It is true that I have sometimes conceaved good instructions, but I never put them in execution and performance: they have touched my Eares, but they have never passed and penetrated into my heart.

I have cherished, and friendly entertained effeminate and lewd Councillors, who strive onely to please: they have found from me all manner of favours, & I could never endure those that were plain, sincere, and honest, whose wholesome plainnesse & boldnesse would have shewn me my Imperfections, & also corrected and reform'd them.

I have not stretched out my hand unto him whom I have seen falling, and in need of my help: I have not divided my Bread with the poor, whom I saw readie to die with hunger and necessity.

I ha-

I have turned mine eyes from beggars, and the Sick for fear of commiserateing them, and that some small pitty triumphing over my Avarice, should oblige me to give them an alms.

I have not been carefull to pay my debts, and to restore the thing left in my charge, and lastly the easier to satisfy my immoderate desires, I have ruined my Neighbour by borrowing his goods, which I would not let him have againe.

I have not desir'd Riches, but to sin the more freely, and easy : I have alwaies appeared Rich, when I was to commit vanity, or forbidden things; and contrariwise, I alwayes, appear'd poor when there was a proposal of doing good.

I never wanted any thing for concupiscence, and I never had any thing for Piety ; I observed no moderation in my meals, & for monstrous riots, and horrid excess, I have used violence unto nature, who is contented with little, and teacheth us temperance.

I have made a God of my Belly, & have established my glory in terrestri-

al things, which could afford me nothing but confusion.

I have searched and enquired after the most exquisited and choice Viands I have tained, and pretended inconveniences for to excuse my delicacie and wantonesse; and necessity oftentimes was a pretext of my delights and sensuality.

I have delighted in adultery, I have loved the conversation of the lascivious, and obscene; and my impurities have been so great, that I have been ashamed to name that, which I deemed not discredit, and ignominy to have committed.

I have made my Ears and Tongue diligently obsequious unto vanity, I have favourably harkened unto the discourses which flattered me, and when in my opinion they did not give me sufficient Praises, I supplied their faults by those I bestowed on my self.

When that I could produce an occasion of commending and extolling me, I have taken extreame pleasure, both to praise my self and to hear others magnify me.

Last.

Lastly, my God, by a fraudulent & deceitfull superfluity of Pleasures of the earth, I have deprived my self of the delights of Heaven; and if the fear of death, and of the future judgement, hath at any time withdrawn me from this profound and bottomlesse Gulph, into which the worldly pleasures doe train and allure us, I have at the same time fallen therein, and imitated the Dogg that returns unto his vomiting.

I am even dead in good works, & yet I live in sins, although I am already in the bands and gyves of death, neverthelesse I run unto death, & I see it most frightfull and horrid, which doth hasten and goe before me.

But O my God! that thy mercies prevent and anticipate this grand day, this day of terrour, this day full of tears and sighs; make me to die, to the end that I begin to revive, and that I magnify thy mercies above all whatsoever thou hast made.

Behold Lord, behold the quality & condition of my soule; behold the languors and feeblenesse concupiscence hath reduced it unto; behold the assaults
and

and violence I receive from this fury ;
and free me from the puissant power
of an enemy , who without doubt will
be invincible if thou doest not aid me to
overcome him.

Teare me , and with force pluck me
from the chaine of death , to the end
that I may not adheare and be fastened
unto any, but unto thee, who art the one-
ly true life and that haveing abandoned
and forsaken all things , I follow onely
thee , who art more considerable , and
worthyer then the whole world.

My Lord God, God of salvation &
mercy , say unto my soul I am thy safe-
ty , thy prayers have been heard , that
it shall be done as thou desirest. Permit
O my God that I may hear this voice,
that following it I may encounter thee ,
and that haveing met and found thee , I
may not forsake thee before thou dis-
misse me healed of all my wounds.

For indeed where can I goe to find the
recovery and curing of my evils , if I
goe not unto thee, My God ? and who
can better solace my Maladies , then
he who descended from Heaven for the
salvation of man , and to apply reme-
dyes

dyes unto his Maladies and diseases ?

Who can give me life , but he who imparts unto all things either death or life who can afford my safety , better assurance in the midst of the Gulphs , and precipices of the world , then you my God , my Saviour ? therefore save me , therefore verifie me , thou who art salvation & life unto those who confide in thee.

My God , even as thy power hath not had beginning , so let thy glory have no end ; that we praise thee , that we adore thee incessantly : that we render unto thee immortal & everlasting Honours , and eternal Thanks , seeing that thou art an eternall source of mercy.

I did abandon thee , and although I voluntarily retired , thou wert not wanting to appeare readie unto my relief , as soon as I appealed unto thee : and thou hast assisted me sooner , and afforded me succour , then thou didst hear my complaints.

It is sufficient for thee to cure us , that we be willing to be cured , it is enough for to receive life from thy libe-
be.

berality, that we be desirous to live, and thy bounty is so great, that thy favours ordinarily anticipate the desires of a sinner, that doth agnize himself. Therefore *I* will tell thee my God, & it will be sufficient to appease thy anger; I doe now acknowledge my iniquities, I doe not onely know and despise my evils, but *I* see them even heal'd & pardoned.

Yea my God, *I* must needs acknowledge them, seeing that the horreur & dread they afford me doth pierce my very bones, & my soule is troubled with their frightfull representation, which my memory doth retract and repeat,

So *I* doe expose before thy Divine Majesty, both my imperfections and my sins, that thy mercy race and deface them, and that thou curest my soule of this blindnesse, which made it rebell against thee. As iniquity is not pleasing unto thee, so also wilt thou not the death of a sinner; thou desirest that he should be converted and live.

For the dead doe not praise thee my God, it shall be onely the living: it shall be onely us who shall chaunt forth thy pray-

praises, and shall publish in all ages thy bounties and mercies.

P S A L M V.

MY God, I have expressed and represented my miseries unto thee, not for to make thee know them, nor to acquaint thee with the state and condition I am in, and by what waies I walk in the world, for thou did'st foresee them from all eternity, and before the world had being thou did'st calculate my Steps.

Thou doest penetrate into the concealed obscurity of darknesse, thou discovered'st and discerned'st whatsoever is there hidden, there is nothing can be exempted from thy sight, all things are present unto thee; thou even seest what is done in our very soule, and the most secret cogitations are not unknown unto thee. I declare therefore unto thee my miseries, and afflictions, that thou coverest them thy self, and that thou deignest to protect me: I reveal unto thee all my secrets that thy goodnesse conceal them, that thou
know

know and seeſt that my heart is contrite, and humbled, and by this ſacrifice which is more agreeable unto thee then all other ſacrifices, I may move thy mercy and obtain pardon.

I have daily, even untill now, ſaid many execrable things, but in compariſon of thoſe I have done, I muſt confeſſe that I have ſaid but little. My conſcience yields me continual assaults, doth daily delineate and repreſent unto me the horror of my faults, & it nourisheth in my ſoul a worm, which doth batter, and torment it inceſſantly.

But may not this worm ſo gnaw my ſoul, that it free it from all impurities, and conſume it ſelf in conſumeing them? Permit my God, that it doth not begin to be nourished there, for to live there eternally; make it prick and pierce my ſoul, that it dyeth there, and that tormenting my ſoul, it ceaſeth by little and little from pricking it.

But alas! how deplorable is my condition? I imagine to have confeſſed all my ſins, and yet I am conſtrained to begin again. My memory hourely re-
pre-

sents unto me new matter of fearing thy Justice, and as it is wholly replenished with the iniquities of my life, it hath not so soon discovered one but it causeth me to see greater and more worthy of chastisement.

To conclude, the number of my offences hath exceeded the sands of the Sea, and although *I* should have a thousand Mouths, and as many Tongues, it would be impossible for me to name one of every million. Even so my griefe is grown so much the greater, that *I* cannot remember all my impurities, for whilest *I* commit new sins *I* forget insensibly the old.

But O my God, *I* will not smother with silence, those which remain in my memory, *I* will refrain from loving them, that *I* may love thee more puissantly, & that considering my life with an humble spirit, and with an eye repleat with tears, *I* may make thee lesse severe, and more mild and clement? O my God, who art the true Clemency, the mercy which never deceaveth, the happy Indulgence, the assured Delight.

I ha-

I have, I confesse loved Envy, and I have been an enemy unto charity, I have spoken ill of Kings, of Princes and of the Ministers of the Church, and I have offended and injured with outragious and unreasonable murmurs. I could not endure to hear the commendations of good and vertuous people, & I have approved of the actions of wicked and lewd.

If at any time the Just and religious have been praised in my presence, I have at the same instant endeavoured to defame and dishonour them with deceitfull slanders: I made diligent search and inquisition after their most secret faults, and I have been so cruelly malicious against them, that I have endeavoured to make their small imperfections accounted and deemed great & foule offences.

On the contrary, if a just infamie hath been the Salary and reward of the wicked, and if I have perceaved them despised and forsaken by the world, I have presently declared myself for them: I have boasted of their imaginary vertues. I have prefer'd them

C

before

before the most perfect and honest, & perhaps I have been the most powerfull cause of their ruine.

If I did see a Fellow I accompanied him in bereaving my Neighbour of his goods, & to forget or want nothing that might render me most faulty, I have drawn scandalls on the Sons of my Mother, and my friends and Parents could not defend themselves from my fraudulent deceits, nor be exempted from my Calumnies.

I have wished my Neighbour all the misfortune and miseries that could afflict a man, and it hath been only in his death that I have erected my hopes. I have not cared nor made account of Protecting the Innocent and Guiltlesse, and as if I should rejoyce in the afflictions of the wicked; I have augmented their punishment with inhumane reproach and upbraiding.

I have rashly judged of very many I have easily beleaved there were sins, where I saw no appearance thereof, & perceiving the smallest Straw or a Mote in my brothers eye, I have not discerned a great Beam in mine owne which hath made me fall.

I have loved above all things Idlenesse and Sloth, I have hated honest labours and vertuous exercises, I have spent my daies in voluntary drowfinesse, and I never thought of giving God thanks for the favours I have so often receav'd.

But alas I have not meditated on thy laws and on thy wonderfull works; thou knowst, O my God, that I have passed many nights without closing mine eyes, and my soule which thought on all things did not think on thee, it wandred every where, but never encountred thee.

I have approached my bed and laid me down to rest without dreaming, or thinking on thee, and in like sort I have risen from my bed; the day hath begun and ended without my having one thought of thee.

Therefore my God, I have alwayes been without thee, because I have been overmuch with my self, and I have been willing to follow only wild & furious passions, which immoderately and continually removed and banished me from thee.

But if at any time I have thought on thee, or the marvelous works which

thou hast done for man, I have suffocated the cogitations as soon as they were produced, I have permitted my self easily to be vitiated and seduced by the vanities of the world.

The endeavours and means I used to represent unto me thy greatness, were like those which one useth to hinder sleep, and doth not disturb it, but permitting himself to be overcome by the sweetnesse of sleep, is by them more profoundly lul'd asleepe.

I have often determin'd to put the affaires of my conscience in order, but the enterprise I have alwaies prorogued, & defer'd it unto the morrow, and the confident hope of being one day reformed, hath been cause that I never amended.

I have established my felicity on asleight, inconstant, and deceitfull foundation, I was supported by a Reed & broken Staffe, when I deemed my self most secure, I miserably fell into the fire, and my fall only could make me know the meeknesse of my support.

I have been ambitious of illegitimate Honours, I have been inflamed with an immoderate desire of gaining riches, and
thri-

thriving in all things, and these unreasonable and unbridled covetings have plunged me into criminall troubles.

All the wicked, all the impious, & all these who liv'd without rule and order, have been my friends: I have dishonoured Amity, the sacred Tie, which ought not to unite us to any but the virtuous, yea my God, I have dishonour'd with my concupiscence, and I have profained its sacred Sanctity with the impurities of my affections.

I have taken content in recreations, which contained the cause of my ruine and origine of the fires which consumed me, and in lieu of stopping and barricadoing the passages by which death might surprize me, I have made him new ones, and all my members have been as many gates by which death hath entred into my soule.

When I have soiled and contaminated my self with new offences, I have not cleansed my self of my old iniquities, they have been on the contrary the original Authors of many crimes which have eloined and banished me from thy sight, which hath caused my deprivation of

the consolation which thy presence affordeth, and that I walk as one forlorn, and in despair, uncertain of all I ought to hold and enjoy.

But alas ! whether shall I goe if I depart from thee ? who will respect me, if thou no more regard me, and from me as a Reprobate and condemned creature thou takest away the favour of thy sight and Aspect.

It cannot be doubted but that I become odious unto all men, and a subject of contempt and laughter, when they shall demand of me, where is thy God ? & wherefore hath he deprived thee of his sight.

What then shall I be able to doe, when that I shall be no more in thy protection, and that I shall see my self in the mid'st of my enemies assaulted on all sides and abandoned by thee.

I will make diligent search after thee, O my God, I will goe with my Tears and Sighs to implore thy compassion, I will most humbly beseech thee not to forsake me, and that thy anger doe not oblige and incite thee to withdraw thy eyes from the conduct and government
of

of thy Servant; for mine enemies follow me as if I fled from them, they pursue me, O my God, for to make me their Slave, and to feed them selves on my Bloud.

It is therefore necessary that I seek neere thee a Sanctuary, and that I run towards thee having fled from thee so long time. O my God thou art my strength, my refuge, and my assured Security, thou art the only vertue and power which is able to defend me, and to comfort me at the day of my miseries and afflictions.

As there is no God besides thee, soe there is no Saviour besides thee, therefore O my God who knowest my miseries and infirmities, and before whom my dissembling and hypocrisie could hide nothing: be not mindrull of my old offences any farther, then that mercy guard and protect me from the pursuits of my enemies, release and loose me from the chaines with which I am so cruelly detained.

There is none but you that can recover and harbour me, thou O my God, who entertainest and savest all those

who confide in thee, and who enables the poor and weak to triumph over the violence of the proudest and most puissant.

Doe not therefore divert & estrange thy divine sight from me, despise me not, O my God, be my preservation, my security, and my releaser. I am poor, I am miserable, and thou hast been accustomed with mercy to behold the poor and miserable.

If thy Justice seek me, let mercy hide me; protect me with that benignity which hath made thee so patient, and by which thou hast called and reduced me unto repentance.

Thou art facile, and soon pleased, thou art merciful and charitably tender, thy mercy hath alwaies surpassed our malice, and there is nothing more proper and naturall unto thee, then to have compassion on the miserable and wretched, and to pardon sinners.

Thou art therefore mercifull towards all the world, because thou art omnipotent, & thou dissemblest the sins of men, because thou permits thy self to be moved, and gained by their repentance,

tance, in fine, thou pardonest the whole world, because thou lovest all the world, and that it is the work of thy hands.

Cast therefore thy comfortable and healthfull eyes on me, seeing I am converted unto thee, and withdraw my afflicted soule from the dangerous extremities unto which it is reduced, to the end that my mouth be replenished with thy praise and laud, and that I may be able to say, blessed be the Lord, who hath not permitted, that I did fall under the dominion and soveraignty of my enemies.

They would have without doubt ruin'd me, if my Lord God had not afforded me his aid and assistance, my soule had been as a Fowle caught and ensnared in the Fowlers Nets: their Nets are torn and dissolved, and I at last am freed.

P S A L M VI.

WHat shall I doe unfortunate & miserable creature that I am? this Monster that comes from Hell, Sin,

is fed with my soule. My enemy leaderth me in triumph, and I am his booty and prey. O my God, he hath deprived and plundered me of all the goods with which thou hadst enriched me, and now I fear to appear naked before thee.

I proceeded from thy hands with all beauty, vertue, integrity, and with all the riches and ornaments that could make me happy, without considering that I could not preserve them of my self, I have forsaken thee, my God, and I have run as one mad & unreasonable into every place where I might loose my self.

My soule is become more black then Coal, it hath lost the colour which mark'd and declar'd its innocency, and hath prefer'd poyson before the celestiall viands. For to put on the mantle of a sinner I have bespoiled and stript my self of all the precious and sumptuous ornaments with which thou hadst cloathed me.

I have destroyed my self, I have disfigured my self, it seemes to me I was become a perfect modell of the disobedient first man; my sins; O my God,

have reduced me unto so miserable a condition, that you cannot discern in me the image which thou engravedst in my soule at my creation. It is not therefore unjust, that as a mangie, rotten, and defiled sheep thou wilt not any longer permit me to remaine in the Flock, seeing O my God, the very Heavens and Seraphins are not without blemish before thy divine Majestie, how shall I presume to appear before thee, I who am nothing but impurities.

If by the power of sin, I am become Savage and brutish, how shall I have the boldness to appear amongst thy elect? nevertheless I will returne unto thee, although I tremble and am ashamed of my self; the Paternall Liberality and Clemency which thou hast towards all men, shall serve me for Phares, and guide, for to conduct me unto thy bosome.

As a Father yet loveth his Son when he flieth from him, soe he loveth him better when his repentance reduceth him, even soe, my God, I hope that having loved me in my flight, thou wilt love me yet at my returne.

But alas ! I would returne , but I want power and abillity I feele my self arrested and detained by a cruell Puissance , I feele my self detained not with strange fetters and gyves but by my own will , with which the enemy of my good , hath made me such chaines which are impossible to be broken by me.

My Azile without doubt is far from me, seeing that salvation is severed from sinners , and I shall be constrained to die in so rigorous a servitude and slavery , if my succour cometh not from Heaven, and if my God doe not with mercy behold me.

I am plunged in the mire , I have not strength to recover and get forth , and a dreadfull tempest doth not lesse torment my soule, then the surges of an outrageous Sea doth tosse a miserable Ship : soe that O my Lord I must not longer hope to avoid the dangers which doe environ me , if thou takest me not into thy Protection.

Alas ! the more I endeavour to avoid shipwrack, the nearer I approach unto the Rocks , and the more I beat on them :

them: both within and without I am lamentable and detestable unto my self, and I encounter every where domesticall enemies, I look on all sides, and I see not one in whom I might confide,

Fear followeth me in every place, and into what quarter soever I goe, I finde not a faithfull friend; but how should I finde fidelity, and why would I seek it in men, if I keep not the promise and Faith made unto God.

I have sought some one which might afford me consolation in my afflictions and calamities; but I have not found any one amongst those I most loved, who would take the paines of comforting me.

I have not found; a sincere friend; but I have found a great number of those who speak much, and who make many vaine promises; or rather, my God I have found many men drunk, seeing that they never speake of thee and their discourse is their Sin.

I have found men who had not charity, who condemned my faults to make me fall into despair, who assaulted me outrageously with opprobrious and

re,

reviling speeches, and who were willing to deprive me of my soule, as well as of my reputation and good name.

I have often favoured the impious and irreligious, and declining from the right way, I have often without consideration embraced their opinions: I have by little and little arrived unto irregularity, that although by thy assistance I never departed from the true religion; nevertheless I have beleaved that it had many things which were not considerable, and one might justly contemne them.

O my God, I am by no meanes, excusable, for although I have known thee in verity, I have never worshipped and adored thee in truth, and Spirit: contrariwise I have turned truth into falshood; I have rather obeyed the Creature then the Creatour, and I have sought my pleasure in deceitfull and corruptible things, instead of seeking them in the eternall verities.

But, O my God as thou hast permitted that I have knowne thee in the true Religion, awaken me from this drowsinesse and senselesse benumbing, into
which

which my iniquities have brought me. Illighten and illustrate mine eyes for to impeach the consumption of death from passing into my soule.

Illuminate mine eyes, elevate & raise them unto thee, that they see thee by thy light, thou who art the eternall light, the light which is never wanting which is never extinguished, and which hath in it all that can be imagined delightful and pleasing, that they see thee, that they delight therein, that they desire only thee, and that they acknowledge that there is none but you, truly amiable.

Thou art the true light, with which all men that come into the world are enlightened: disperse therefore and dissolve with thy rayes the darknesse which doth environ me; make me desire to live under wholesome and comfortable laws, that my soule inflamed with the fire of thy love, doe not languish but for thee, and seek not other pleasures then those which thou presents unto it.

I say my soule, O Lord, but license that I may say it is thine, it is thine seeing thou hast created it, and it is not mine

be

because I have receaved it of thee: preserve then a creature which thou hast formed according unto thy Image, & of which thou wert pleased to be the Artificer, and the Modell.

Permit not that this precious & excellent gift which thou hast given me, & which raiseth me above all the works of thy hands perish miserably, and be the prey of Hell.

Punish me in every part of my body, that my flesh be nothing but stinck & putrification, that I be consumed with wormes; but pardon my soule, & extend not unto it thy hand armed with Thunder and Lightning.

Restore me into thy waies before the Sun be set, and seeing that it is already late, constrain me to returne unto thee, if it be not sufficient for me to be called thereunto. Compell me, O my God, with all sorts of rigour, soe that I arrive at thee, and that I doe not miscarry.

Bereave me of this heart of Marble, and give me a heart of flesh, that thy spirit preside there, to the end that I walk according unto thy precepts and documents, and that I observe thy Com-
mands.

Grant

Grant me, O my God, so much favour, not for my sake, who in abusing thy mercy have daily made my self unworthy of it, but only for thy venerable & holy names sake.

I confesse that it is very late that I come unto thee, and this is a chastisement unto me, for not having sooner come unto thee. But I know well, my God, that thou doest not prescribe a time unto who are willing to come and find thee, and thou doest receive and entertaine the last as favourably as the first.

Although thou detestst the sin, thou hatest not the sinner, and thou art not delighted in his destruction, although he be a long time coming, nevertheless thou expect'st him with patience. O my God, how sweet & agreeable is this voice, by which thou yield'st unto my soule the hope which it had lost. Notwithstanding thou hast offended me (sayest thou) with thy pleasures; return unto me and I will receive thee.

How delectable and charming is this speech, which comforts the sinner; even when he distrusts his own strength,
and

and was ready to dispair: if the Impious doe pennance, he shall be redeemed of all his sins, he shall live and shall not die.

Thinkest thou (say you) that the death of a Sinner is an effect of my will? truely it is unto me a great consolation to hear thee say, that the sheheard having found his lost and straid sheep, layeth it on his shoulders with joy, and that the woman who hath found again the goat which she had lost, rejoyceth with her neighbours.

I cannot hinder Joy from forceing my eyes to shower forth teares, when I read in thy holy writ that the father receaved and entertained propitiously, and lovingly his Son who had forsaken him, and that he rejoyced to have found him after having lost him.

Make me hear therefore that voyce which rowses and awaketh Soules from their drowfines and Sleep; but doe not make me only to apprehend and hear it, cast on me even yet those divine beames which make men to see the horror of their sins, and which at the same time doe dissipate and dissolve their most profound

found and secret darknes.

Let thy voyce resound and eccho alwaies in my heart, and in fine say unto my soule which sleepeth; how long yet wilt thou permit thy self to be overmastered and subdued by the burthen of death? how long wilt thou remaine captivated in so rigourous manacles and shackles? it is high time that thou awake and rowse thy self, that thou undertake the best way & course, that thou convert thy self towards me who have ransom'd thee.

Return, return, O Sunamite that we may behold and regard thee, return and delay no longer from coming unto me, for *I* am thy Lord, I am thy God who calleth thee, I am he who doth rase and wipe away sins, and who doth not remember things past.

Even soe, my God, when I shall hear these divine speeches, I will say with confidence; hope, O my soule, that thou shalt have repose, seeing that thy Lord doth Sateate thee with his liberrall Largeesses, goe and seek him without fear, and although soe many ill waies have wearied and tyred thee, never-

verthelesse goe to finde him soe much the more promptly and speedily, as thou desirest to be quickly at quiet and rest.

Let not thy sins affright thee, although thou shouldest be like Scarlet, thou wilt become very soon as white as snow, and thy sinns shall be defaced and abolished as a scattered cloud.

Fear not that thou be accused of boldness & presumption, when thou shalt be praised for obedience: goe my soule, hasten to goe unto him who is not come to call the just, but to call sinners: and if thou hast offended thy God, beleave that the same God will assist thee to save thee, and to triumph over sins thy greatest enemies.

Wherefore then should'st thou fear to goe; seeing he is not a severe Judge, who calleth thee, but a mercifull and compassionate Father, who will make thee partakers of his bounney; goe, goe boldly where mercy calls thee, lest thou be constrained to appear one day before the Throne of Justice.

It is in thee, O my Saviour, and my God, that I this day put my confidence, and I will not blush to confess un-

to thee my sinns ; seeing that I was not ashamed to commit them before men , and raised my self against thee.

Let the Pharisees murmur , and say , who can forgive sins but only God ? thy word is the word of my God , who never speaks but he produceth effects : this God who calleth me is sweet , loving and gracious , and is not accustomed to permit his anger to exceed his mercies.

Soe my Saviour , supported with thy word , I will not forbear to goe unto thee : thou art my assurance , and I hope that thou wilt be my Inheritance in the land of the living ; there prostrated before thy divine Majesty , I shall cease to fear since thou hast been willing to call me.

But least that my iniquities offend thy eyes , I will wash me with my tears , they shall shower down incessantly ; my bed shall be a witnesse of my greif , and for to endeavour to please thee , I will make my self displeasing to my self.

To conclude my God , I will strive and use all diligence not to wrong and mispend the graces and favours , which
thou

thou abundantly powrest on me , and feeling my self by thy meanes drawn near unto thee , I will repent me of my sins , to the end that this repentance purifie me; and that with a pure, unspotted and neat heart , I may sing thy praises , and say with thy Prophet ? O my God , who is like unto thee ? then thy land and praise will be sweet in the mouth of a sinner , and he that shall sowe in tears shall reap in Joy.

PSALM VII.

HAve pittie on me , O my God , I am afflicted , I am tormented , I am tortur'd with miseries , which I am not able to declare. Torrents of iniquities trouble , & molest me , and are entred even into my soule.

As a floud which doth ravage , and overflow all , soe the sins which I have dissembled, and neglected to confesse, or to correct and amend , are increased and risen soe high that they have passed above my head, and subdued my understanding and my will , under the dominion of concupiscence , or rather under the bon-

bondage & servitude of the Diuel.

Alas ! I am on all sides mortally wounded , and even from the sole of the foot unto the crown of the head , I have nothing whole, and nothing which is not ulcerated.

My enemy hath cast me headlong on the ground , and as a barbarous Tyrant incensed against me hath bereaved and deprived me of all things , and hath left me onely the understanding , to the end that affording me knowledge of my ruine , he might give me new griefs.

He thought that he should not be mischevious enough , & should annoy me too little , if he had bereaved me of the intire function of senses , but alas ! he hath deprived me of it unto good , and hath left it me unto wickednesse.

He hath cast my soule into a profound sleep , that although it knoweth its wounds , it feels them not sufficiently for to desire to be cured of them , and for to seek after remedy and redresse.

When it was absolutely necessary that I should understand and hear , it was at that time that I was deaf , and that I diverted mine cares from the truth
which

which denounced and proclaimed unto me.

But when it was expedient that I should have been deaf unto unprofitable things, and unto the follies of the world, I was ready to hear them, and afforded them a favourable attention.

I apprehend and relished celestiall things as those which have no taste, nor pleasure; I loathed whatsoever might nourish vertue in my soule, and I found nothing more sweet and pleasing then terrestial things.

I had not eyes to consider the works of God, I was in this occasion rather a beast then a man, and on the other side, I often disguised and tricked up with delight, the vanities of the earth, and I desired them with an unsatiabie greedinesse, and ardent affection.

But this ancient enemy of man did not only make use of my senses, for to deprive me of the means to be saved, he employed yet all the parts of my body.

He hath soe cunningly and commodiously laid and hidden his snares, and gins, that it was impossible for me to
eschew

eschew them, & as often as I thought to escape them, I have miserably fallen therein.

I have sinned in seeing, not being willing to see, in hearing, and not being willing to hear, in holding my peace and in speaking, in standing and sitting, in sleeping and waking, in walking and resting.

In fine, O my God, I have converted the common use & exercise of my senses, and of my members into an ignominious & dishonest employment, and which served only to destroy me.

I have burnt with lascivious and obscene desires, there was no naturall, divine, nor humane law, which I have not violated; and never observed any other law then that of sin.

Alas! that I cannot say what I have observed, and what I have not observed most, but since that I am yet the same, and that I have not altered my life, I am the worst of Maxims, and I walk in most dangerous waies.

My will yet presides over me, and my soule full of Ordures, impurities and wounds, is itself the cause, mainte-

nance , and Nurture of its miserie. I am often angry with my self , because it troubleth and discontenteth me to live , and it doth not offend and weary me to sinn.

I doe plainly perceave my folly and Indiscretion, this knowledge confounds me, and therefore I blame and condemn my self. Thou who lovest pleasures with soe great affection, wherefore remainest thou soe long in the mire into which thy concupiscence hath cast thee ?

Wherefore doe the affaires of the world minister such itching cares , and anxieties ? wherefore desirest thou soe ardently Treasures , which must perish ? or wherefore termest thou those things good , which thou doest obtaine and purchase with paine and labour , which often times cost thee thy salvation , which thou enjoyest not without fear , and thou canst not loose without extreme greife.

Wherefore my soule, wherefore forgettest thou thy Origine , thy Nobility and thy Inheritance ? and how art thou not ashamed to subject thy self soe negligently

gently, and effeminatly under the Rule, and sovereignty of the body, and senses, which were made to obey thee.

How permittest thou thy self to be charmed with the deceitfull, and fraudulent promises of the world? and how dost thou not know that its greatest good and pleasure is but a vapour, which for a little while appeareth and on a suddain vanisheth.

Blush, blush presently for having been soe oft separated from thy Creator for to follow creatures, and returning at last unto thy self, think how much appearances & seemings have wronged and deceived thee.

Behold how thou torturest thy self with the persuit of a false and counterfeit Pleasure, and which resembleth the Spider, which takes not so much paines to spin, and extend small threads, as that she draweth forth her Intralls but to catch and apprehend Flies, thou dost not embrace & entertain soe many labours, and thou dost not dismember thy self but for a slight and sickle Prey, which is never considerable but in the torments which it causeth unto thee.

Blush therefore once more, for having soe eagerly followed those things, from which thou couldest not reap any profit; bewail the time that thou hast lost, to the end that the shame which thou shalt have therein may afford thee some benefit.

Bestow thy heart on God, and thou shalt pay what thou owest: verily when I consider these words *I* become angry with my self, for not having given unto Heaven, that which I have given soe freely & bountifully unto the earth.

I am displeased with my self, when I observe the reproaches that my conscience makes me, and that I compare the great riches, which I loose, with the weak furtherances which I imagine to have found, for *I* doe not the good that *I* know, but *I* doe the evil that I will and desire.

Even soe my enemy disposeth of my will, and conforming me to his desires, makes me as detestable as himself, he captivates me in his fetters, and miserably detains me under the law of sin.

But O my God, seeing that thou art
the

the God of power and might, and that thou hast all Puissance and Authority over my life, remove not thy succour far from me; appeare in my defence, keep and shrowd me under the covert and shadow of thy wings, that my adversaries may not have the priviledge to see me perish, and that my enemy proud and vain glorious with my losse, may not say that he hath triumphed over me.

Break the bands and shackles which doe loade me, & doe hinder me from goeing unto thee, beat in peeces the chains of sin with which I am soe puifantly detained, let thy power & strength appear unto mine enemy, cause that I may immolate a victim of joy unto thee and sing with thy Saints.

Who can expresse the might of the Lord, or who can sufficiently praise God, who hath freed my soule from the gyves of death, who hath hindred me from falling, and who hath delivered me from the mouth of the Lyon.

Whom shall I implore in my miseries, if it be not you my God, whom our Fathers have soe profitably besought

it it be not you my God, who never deceives those who confide and hope in thee? receive me then into thy protection, and let all the world assault me.

I will fear nothing, I will behold without dread the assaults of my adversaries, whilst thou undertakest my defence, & thou wilt be with me; behold my heart, behold my desires, & take from thence whatsoever is displeasing unto thee; Renew my Soule, create me the second time, confirme for the graces which thou gavest me, that it be impossible for me to loose them; and after having forsaken the vanities of the world, and its deceitfull pleasures, the sinner become laudable and praise-worthy for the purity of his desires.

Permit O my God, that desiring none but thee, I may make my requests pleasing unto thee, and then I will say unto thee with assurance; Lord, that my Soule hath not other desires then those which thou infusest.

I know well that we cannot desire thee, if thou doest not inspire us with soe comfortable and profitable desires,
and

and that we cannot walke towards thee, unlesse thou thy self draw us.

Intice and draw me therefore, Lord, and give me good desires, that I may doe good works? cause that I begin well and that I end soe; draw me, O God, before my old customes, stifle my new resolutions, and that my will perverted and confined in wickednesse, surcharge and subdue the designes and intentions, which I have made to day for my good.

Seeing I propose that which is just, hinder that I fall not into my former injustices, make me capable of thy grace, and of my salvation: dart on me thy light, and dissipate the darknesse which doth envelope and incumber me.

Revest me with those pretious garments which doe render us agreeable unto thy eyes, & strip me of those mournfull and detestable garments, with which sin hath clothed me.

To conclude, my God, remember not any more my faults, make in me an universall Innovation and Metamorphosis, that I being made a new man,

I bring unto thy service a new soule ,
and new fervency and affection , and
that running incessantly after thee , I
find no delight but in Jesus my Saviour
and my Master.

A Prayer to obtain Pardon of Sins.

Miserere. Psal. 50.

HAve mercy on me, O God, according to thy great mercy.

And according to the multitude of thy tender mercies , blot out my iniquity.

Wash me henceforth from my iniquity , and cleanse me from my sin.

Because I know my iniquity, and my sin is always against me.

To thee only have I sinned, and have don evil before thee, that thou mayst be overcome when thou art judged.

For, behold I was conceived in iniquities, and my mother conceived me in sins.

For, behold thou hast loved truth ; the uncertain and hidden things of thy wisdom, thou hast made manifest to me.

Thou shalt sprinkle me with Hyssop,
and

and I shall be cleansed: thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter then snow.

To my hearing thou shalt give joy & gladnes & humbled bones shall rejoyce.

Turn away thy face from my sins, and blot out my iniquities.

Create a clean heart in me, O God and renew a right Spirit in my bowels.

Cast me not away from thy face & thy holy spirit take not from me.

Render unto me the joy of thy Salvation: and confirme me with a principal Spirit.

I will teach the unjust thy ways and the impious shall be converted to thee.

Deliver me from bloods, O God, the God of my salvation, and my tongue shal exalt thy justice.

Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips: and my mouth shall declare thy prays.

Because if thou wouldst have had Sacrifice, I had verily given it: with whole burnt-offerings thou wilt not be delighted.

A Sacrifice to God is a troubled Spirit: a contrite and humble hart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Deal favourably , O Lord , in thy good will with *Sion* , and let the walls of *Jerusalem* be built up.

Then shalt thou accept Sacrifice of Justice , oblations , and whole Burnt-offerings , then shall they lay Calves upon thy Altar.

*A Form of Thanksgiving for any
Favor received from God.*

The Hymn of S. Ambrose & S. Augustine. Te Deum Laudamus.

O Ur tongues , O God , thy praise record.

We thee Confess , O soverain Lord
To the , eternal Father all ,
Who dwell on earth doe prostrate fall
To thee the Angels at all houres
To thee the heavens & heavenly powers ;

To thee with voice incessantly ,
The Seraphins & Cherubs cry ;
Thou Holy , Holy , Holy one
Of Sabaoth Lord and God alone
Fill'd is the Earth , the heavens the Skie.
With glory of thy majesty.
The blest Apostles glorious quire ;
The prophets whom thou didst inspire.

An

And all white robed Martyrs sing.
Eternal prais to thee their king
The Holy Church does loudly sound.
Thy blessed Name throughout the
Round.

Of the whole earth confessing thee
Father of boundless majesty,
The same by her is also don,
To thy sole Venerable Son:
And to thy holy Ghost that arms,
The soule with Consolating Charmes
Thou, Christ, hast kingly glory won.
Thy Fathers sempiternal son.
Thou, man to free from endles pain.
A virgins womb didst not disdain.
Thou Death subduing didst unlok,
Heavens Realms unto thy faithful Flock.
On Gods right hand thou sittest as bright.
As is thy Fathers radiant light.
Our Judge to come thou art esteemd.
Thy servants therefore help redeemd.
With thy most pretious Blood, & make.
Us with Saints of blis partake.
Lord Save thy people in distress.
Thy heritage vouchsafe to bless.
Rule and exalt them without end.
Our daily blessings thee attend,
Thy glorious name we magnify,

From age to age, eternally.

This day sweet Lord we now are in
Preserve us from committing sin.

Have mercy on us Lord: Efface
Our sins with thy celestial grace.

Thy mercy on us, Lord, be Seen,
As in thy self our hopes have been.

Lord, I have fixd my hopes on thee,
Then let me ne'er confounded be.

Vers. Bless we the Father, and the
Son, with the Holy Ghost.

Resp. Let us prais and extol him for
ever. *V.* O Lord Hear my Praier. *R.* And
let my supplication come to thee.

O God of whose mercies there is no
number, and of whose goodnes the
treasure is infinit, we humbly thank thy
divine Majesty, for the gifts thou hast be-
stowed on us, always beseeching thy cle-
mency, that thou who grantest the re-
quests of those that humbly ask, wilt not
forsake us, but dispose us for the rewards
to come. Through our Lord *Jesus Christ*
thy Son, who with thee and the Holy
Ghost lives and reigns one God world
without end. *Amen.*

F I N I S.

ne

or
nd

no
he
hy
e-
le-
re-
not
rds
rist
oly
rld